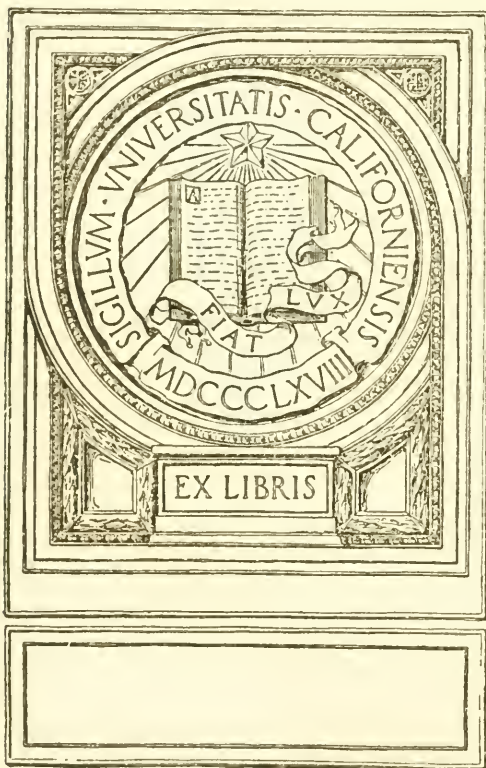




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THE KING OF ROME



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THE KING OF ROME

A BIOGRAPHY

BY

VICTOR von KUBINYI

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1907

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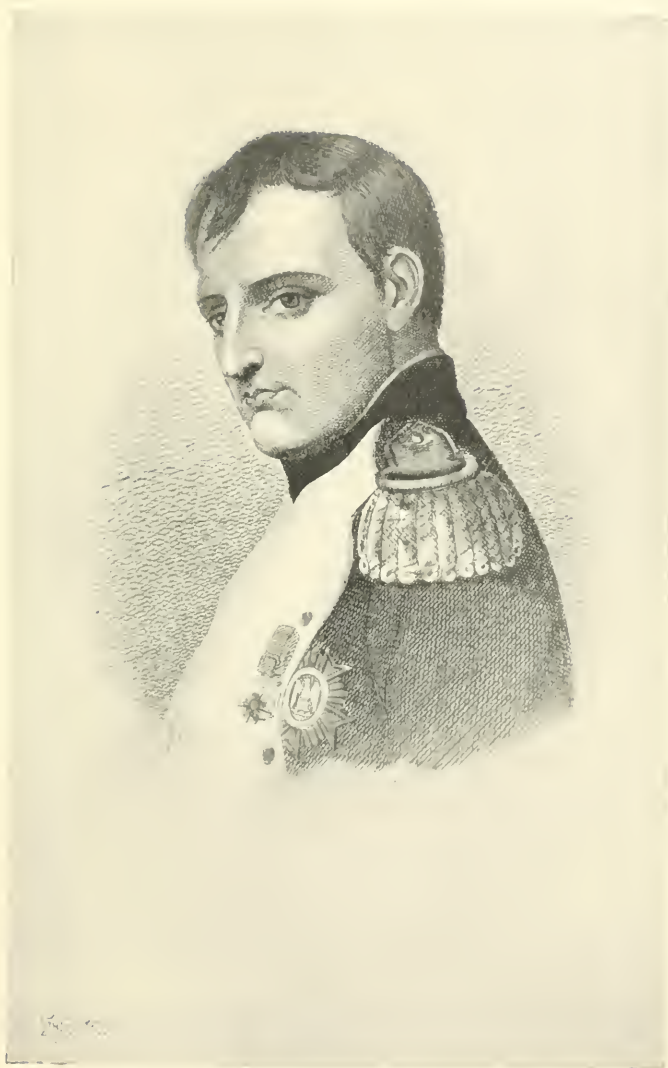
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1852

To

MADAME CAROLINE LE ROY BONAPARTE

This little work is most respectfully dedicated



NAPOLÉON I.

MOTTO: "Genius, is the talent for seeing things straight.—It is seeing things in a straight line without any bend or break of aberration, seeing them as they are, without any warping of vision. Flawless mental sight! That is genius!"

(M. A.)

Preface

THUS far no one had ever doubted him, because it was impossible to do so with justice: Napoleon I., in the modern age, is as yet the greatest general. Whether the famous General will have a successor as great as he, can be told only by Him, in whose hands our future lies. That Napoleon, through history, rightly called "The Great," will ever have a counterpart, is the secret of the future.

Would we think Napoleon greater, had he not put the crown upon his own head, is a question upon which disputants, according to their greater or lesser shortsightedness, will hereafter argue many times.

If we judge history's greatest men, not by their actions, but by what they have accomplished through their success—if we attempt

Oct. 11/74 '30

to find results—then, all who wish to be impartial, must realize that Napoleon Bonaparte set such an example that not malice nor slander can work him harm, and only time can do him justice.

As the unlucky King Louis XVI.—he who was worthy of a better fate—was beheaded, the deserted French Nation fell into the depths of misery,—nay, not fell, but plunged. Insulted, not only in their human, but also in their moral rights, and at times even cheated out of these, the now completely deprived French Nation, moved by desperation long pent up, rebelled, and in self-defence overthrew the Bourbons, and their centuries-existing throne of stolen power, determined at last to manage their own fate. A crisis such as has no equal in the history of nations, followed. The blood filled nation (the people make the nation), came to a perfect whirlpool,—a whirlpool that ruined and devoured everything. A few steps more and the “Grande Nation” with all its glorious past, would have ceased to exist.



NAPOLEON I. AT THE BATTLE AT FRIEDLAND
Musée de Versailles—Horace Vernet

If a people, deprived by continuous robbery of its rights, once shakes off the weight of the despised throne and gets the reins of government in its own hands, the nation's position is harder and more dangerous than it was before. No end of care and peaceful consideration of affairs must be given, if speedily she does not want to see her end.

With the French Nation the danger was great and near.

Would the uncontrolled subjects gain control?

Was not the indignation of the people just?

Yes, it was, now more than ever before.

If the individual needs in his daily course calm and peaceful judgment, how much more the Nation, when its future depends on it so much. What would have been the future of the once glorious France? What would the country itself have been, if the leaders of the hated government had managed it longer? To-day we would sorrowfully say: "France was."

Some one there must be who has not mingled in the past of bloody actions,—some neutral man who can save the country from destruction. But where is the man?

Who will undertake it and crown the effort with success?

Let us pause here.

We could not tell in one breadth all that had happened from the time King Louis XVI. was dethroned, till Napoleon ascended the new imperial throne. Pause, and let each one answer this question, Who placed France in this position? for himself (but only those who know history); and, Who gave the French Nation to herself?

I am far from flattering Napoleon. Flattery is insipid, and flattery is not necessary to one as great as Napoleon. Each of his acts gives us so many great and extraordinary facts, that no matter who reads or hears them, he must at least think them over.

In my little task, I am speaking strictly according to the pages of History, and only the

facts of History lead me to call Napoleon's son "King of Rome."

Am I not right?

Napoleon himself gave his son this title, and he gave it by virtue of acquired right and power. Whoever—and there are some—wishes to hesitate over it, should not forget that the first French Emperor was despoiled of his right, but the mantle of his might was not worn by any other shoulders. Allow, instead of the foregoing arguments, at least as much as the settlement of historical names, even those who depend largely on the fragments of History must admit that the son of Louis XVI. had not the least chance of becoming King of France, Louis XVII. If any one should answer to this, that the dynasty of Bourbons had not ceased, and that therefore poor Capet's son was "in evidence," as Louis XVII.—we say, neither did Bonaparte's end. And if we want to be truthful, we will not call Great Napoleon's son King of Rome, but simply Napoleon II.

On Berezina's frozen mirror of broken glory there still remains one streak of light, by which we recognize that, behind the "King of Rome," the descendant is the son of Napoleon I., or if you like it better, of the Great Hero.

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THE KING OF ROME

The King of Rome

I

HE 20th of March, 1811, was a hard day for Napoleon, the great Emperor of France. The arrival of the anxiously expected Crown Prince was dangerous for the Empress, Marie Louise.

So many anxieties made the Emperor tired and sick. The great hero, who had faced so many times all the dangers of war without any fear—trembled.

Can you imagine a Napoleon trembling?

He became alarmed. He really trembled, but not for his crown; he trembled for his well-beloved wife, and for his anxiously expected child. He became nervous. He was like a child, seeing some "ghost." To calm his fears, he took a warm bath. And when Du-bois, the physician-in-chief of the Imperial House entered his bath-room, the hero lost his breath.

Dubois came to ask the Emperor what he should do, being unable to help the Empress without some very dangerous undertaking. Napoleon, making a strong effort to calm himself and growing pale, answered the physician:

“Well, Dubois, what would you do in such a case if you were called by some citizen’s wife?”

“Imperial Majesty,” answered Dubois stammering, “I would use my instruments.”

“I see,” replied Napoleon. “Now, Dubois, I will tell you what has to be done. You have to forget you are in the Imperial Palace, and you have to do the best you can, as you would do in some merchant’s house. Take care of both, and if you cannot keep both alive, save me the mother.”

Napoleon, dressing himself in a hurry, hastened to see his wife. He would help her in such a dangerous situation, but seeing he could be of no help, trembling again at the sight of his wife’s sufferings, he was forced by Dubois to leave the room. Behind the next door he awaited with palpitating heart what would happen.



THE CRADLE OF THE KING OF ROME
(Made by Odiot and Thomire)
Imperial Family Treasure, Vienna

After a few moments of fear, such as he never knew before, Constant, his intimate valet came, looking like the happiest one on earth.

"In deepest reverence I most humbly beg to announce to Your Imperial Majesty the happy arrival of His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince of France."

"May God bless you, Constant," replied the Emperor.

Then he hastily ran to see his son, crying delightedly: "My guards, and a hundred-one gun shots!"

Returning from his son's cradle, he smilingly spoke to the dignitaries gathered together in the ante-chamber.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Napoleon II. is arrived. We have a nice and strong boy! But he kept us waiting for such a long time. My poor wife! She had to suffer very much! For such a high price I do not wish any more children."

March 23, 1811, eleven o'clock in the forenoon, a fast running mail-coach passed the frontiers of Vienna, the capital of the Aus-

trian Empire, and did not stop before arriving at the door of the French Embassy. A young officer hastily left the coach, and wearing a solemn demeanor asked the officer at the door at once for the Ambassador. It was Captain De Robeau, who, coming by Napoleon's special command from Strassburg, brought the Ambassador, Count Otto, the news of little Napoleon's fortunate birth. And, while the Captain walked up-stairs to see the Count, his companion, a French grenadier, being unable to withstand the portress's questions, betrayed the great secret. The good old woman ran out to the street and being all out of breath, she cried:

"Archduchess Marie Louise has a lovely boy! Oh my! What a great joy for our good Emperor!"

Little Napoleon's birth was shortly known in the whole of Vienna, and raised much joy. The cordial Austrians, first thinking of Napoleon as a formidable "sanseulotte" later, after they have seen him, took to him at once with great affection, and now, being their Emperor's son-in-law, gave him genuine esteem, as a Prince of Habsburg.

Only a certain party of the Austrian peerage kept a frosty neutrality. Among this circle, moved round the strangest rumours about Napoleon, and they believed all these uncontrolled tittle-tattles, which were spread, so it is alleged, by one of the "would-be truthful secretaries" of the Austrian Embassy at Paris. These aristocrats took no care to find out from what sources these stupid stories came, but on the contrary, they kept on with characteristic greediness on every occasion, to blame the "parvenu," being unable to understand how Napoleon, the former captain, could become the most powerful Sovereign of Europe, having no . . . Royal ancestors. They did believe it,—they even ambitiously spread stories about Napoleon's terrible cruelty towards his wife, the full-blooded Habsburgian Princess Marie Louise. (I think that was the genuine "Stolen Story," but later we can see which of them was a "tyrant," the parvenu, or the Princess?)

Francis II., the Austrian Emperor, and little Napoleon's grandfather, took an occasion to celebrate his "well-beloved" grandchild's birth, giving one of the most splendid

receptions, which, many centuries ago, dazzled all those, who were worthy to receive a call to Vienna's Imperial Palace. Such a reception was, and now really is a royal entertainment, which reminds one of the centurian glory of the Habsburgs,—but the above reception was badly disfigured by a clumsy “wit snapping” of one adulator. During this splendid festivity, a “Gentleman” made the following characteristic remark: “Well, it may be a few years later, that this King of Rome will call here as a beggar-student.”

And this dull headed prophecy, alas, was realized to the aforesaid “Gentleman's” and his companions' great satisfaction.

At Paris, the joy was sincere. There nobody cared for such “ingenious” remarks. The French Nation showed a genuine enthusiasm, upon which Archduke Ferdinand, congratulating Napoleon in his father-in-law's name, said in his letter sent to Vienna (March 29, 1811): “It is really impossible to give an adequate description of the sincere and fervent gladness of the whole of France. I never before have seen such enthusiasm which baffles all imagination.”



EMPERESS MARIE LOUISE WITH THE KING OF ROME

May 21, 1814, at seven o'clock in the evening, a coach of the Austrian Imperial stables stopped at the main door of Schoenbrunn, the summer residence of the Austrian Emperors, and ten minutes later, another one came. The first one brought Marie Louise, the "Princess of Parma." When the second coach stopped, Duke Trauttmansdorff, the Imperial marshal took out of the same with great care a "package," and handed it to Gen. Count Kinsky, the Emperor's acting chamberlain. Kinsky hastened up-stairs carrying the package very carefully: he had brought the King of Rome!—and he had hard work to arrive at the drawing-room, where the whole Imperial Court gathered to meet the Ex-Empress of France, and her son. All the ladies of the Austrian aristocracy were waiting for the arrival of their Emperor's grandchild, and would kiss the little dethroned Majesty's hand, and poor Kinsky could do nothing against these "attempts."

The beggar student arrived!

But he was received very cordially. The police commissioner of Vienna says in his report (May 21st): "An innumerate crowd of

people awaiting Napoleon's son cried incessantly, 'Hurrah for the Prince of Parma'!"


As though the people knew how this baby needed love!

It is important and characteristic to hear Hudelist, the Austrian Senator speaking about this memorable event. He says: "A big crowd of people jammed together awaiting the guests, and acclaimed Marie Louise and her son with enthusiastic shouts of joy. The people enjoyed the ex-Empress's friendly manner in rejoining all the greetings, but they liked most the little Prince of Parma. They became crazy about the pretty looking baby. Really, everybody thought the Prince, I do not know why, an ailing nasty child, and therefore all were pleasantly surprised about the pretty little Prince. Everybody was in a hurry to see him."

Duke Metternich, the "all-mighty" Austrian Chancellor, did not feel joyful about the arrival of his lately powerful enemy's son. He even took alarm at the people's enthusiasm. He thought to do his duty, to avoid the popularity of the innocent baby. The next day, May 22d, he did not allow any more of

the people to enter the Schoenbrunn park, and from this time he did all he could to remove from Marie Louise and her son all memory, and even all thoughts, of their recent glory and power.

II

APOLEON'S wife was forced to resign her title "Ex-Empress," as it was claimed "on account of the Habsburg family's international position." It is, really, hard to understand this injustice, which never had hitherto a likeness. And it is again hard to understand, being the Austrian Emperor Marie Louise's father.

Have you ever heard of an Austrian Archduchess robbed of her titles by the Emperor, and that man, her *father*?

She had to be satisfied with the following titles: "Marie Louise Archduchess of Austria, Princess of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla."

And why?

Perhaps to allow her really these titles?

Perhaps to give her some compensation for the lost power and glory?

Not at all, but only to fool her!



EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE

(Pinx.: Gérard)

Property of the Countess Francisca Bombelles (Pressburg, Hungary)

And later, when she went to Parma to take possession of her Princedom, she arrived there as genuine Princess of this land, and now, she really thought to become what she was called. She could not take the famous portrait with her, made by Gérard, because it represented her as Empress of France. Her father kept this portrait for the Imperial Gallery, and promised her another one, as he said, "more in keeping to her new position,"—but he never kept his promise!

And her son?

First, he was despoiled of his title given him by his father; then he became Crown Prince of Parma,—but only to be despoiled soon again. At last he became "by his grandfather's special grace," Duke of Reichstadt, to be fooled again!

"Reichstadt!"

Metternich worried himself very much about little Napoleon's "political position." He was ever anxiously looking out for the Imperial House's "interest." He did not like the little boy, and he, the powerful chancellor, was afraid of the baby. When Emperor Francis would appoint his grandchild "Duke of

Babenberg," he at once was ready to avoid this "great danger." Napoleon's son, he said, cannot become Duke of such a historical title of Habsburgian ancestors,—he thought it to be impossible to make the "Prince" equal to the genuine Habsburgian Princes.

"If the Prince were to become Duke of Babenberg," he wrote to Count Neipperg, March 24, 1818, "the glory of the former Austrian Sovereigns would be resuscitated in his person, and this circumstance is more than enough to protest against His Majesty's giving such a dangerous decision."

The chancellor, by these few words, makes the proposition to denominate the ex-Emperor's son "Duke of Bustiehrad." But Marie Louise at once exclaimed against such a "funny" proposal. "Do not forget," she writes to Metternich, March 18, "nobody could pronounce this title. However, my dear (?) Duke, I am calmed; you will justify, as you have so often, my trust in yourself."

Who could understand these words, and who could read them without being much surprised?

It is surprising to see the Austrian Em-

peror's daughter flattering her father's "obedient servant,"—and it is hard to understand how she could forget that she was Napoleon's wife,—how she could forget Napoleon's son to be her own child,—how the *mother* could confide her son's future to the care of her husband's implacable enemy?

Emperor Francis gave a hearing to his daughter's request, and he says: "Regarding your son's title, I find Reichstadt to be the most convenient." But, at the same time, he gave to Metternich the following instructions: "I would like to denominate my grandchild Duke of Reichstadt, and if you do not see any obstacles in it, you will make the adequate arrangements."

Reichstadt was one of the most productive properties belonging to the Austrian Imperial family,—but what kind of "obstacles" would the Emperor avoid, if not his fear to make his Chancellor angry?

Napoleon's son became by the Austrian Emperor's "special grace," and that was especially accentuated, Duke of Reichstadt, but he never could take possession of "his" (?) rich manor!

And Marie Louise hastened to give her thanks for this common jugglery.

"I never would see my son on the throne," she wrote to her father April 17, "but it seemed to be my holy, motherly duty, securing my son's future. You, my dear father, did calm my anxious heart. *Now I am satisfied.*"

She is satisfied!

She is satisfied to see her son despoiled in such a common way.

She is satisfied to have forgotten to be the ex-Empress,—to be the Austrian Emperor's daughter,—even, to be *mother!* And she is audacious enough, to talk about her "holy, motherly duty," even at that moment she proves to have no idea of a mother's duty.

The King of Rome was despoiled of his title,—he became "by special grace" Prince of an unassuming Austrian title,—and his grandfather did not treat him like one of the members of his family. Giving him the Reichstadt title he at the same time declares, "to avoid any political misunderstanding,"—that he is not equal with the other family members. Even, for the convenient rank of

Highness, he gave him the lower rank of Right Honorable . . . all these things are done to show disrespect to Napoleon.

Is it justice to punish the son for his father's "crimes"?

Such a cruel treatment of an innocent child, however, is not all Metternich's fault. Emperor Francis, who speaks so often of his "love" for his grandchild, should not be so yielding towards his Chancellor. And Marie Louise? She has forgotten to be mother. She should not acquiesce in Metternich's attempts. She was the only one who could do something for her son . . . and she did nothing at all! Even, she sacrificed her child's future to save her own idle interest. She did not know the motto of her mother-in-law, Leticia, who said: "The unhappiest one of my children is the one I love most."

Metternich tells us frankly what he will do about Napoleon II.: "The education of the Prince," he says to Neipperg, July 26, 1817, "has to lie exclusively in our hands. He has to be educated in a thoroughly cleared-up spirit, and we have anxiously, and most carefully to keep away from him all the danger-

ous temptations which menace him even on account of his high descent."

Who could understand these words?

It may be, if Metternich thought his letter would ever be read, even not in his favor, a hundred years later, he would have written it in a more "cleared-up spirit." He was frightened, not at all for the Prince's future, but, on the contrary, for himself. He thought he would loose his position if he did not do everything against Napoleon's child. If he had his own way, he would cut the name of Napoleon from the pages of History. Perhaps he thought to save in that way the Habsburgian political interests?

The powerful Chancellor fears the baby,—oh, what a hero! And Francis II., when he entrusted Gen. Count Hartmann to lead his grandchild's education, approved Metternich's opinion. "The Prince," he says, "being now legally (?) separated from his native country, is not a Frenchman any more. To give him an adequate (?) compensation, I have made him the first of my subjects, with the rank immediately after (!!!) the members of my family. Herewith I have stated defi-

nately the mutual relation between him, and my family, and also my people. I trust in his noble minding, and his correctness to never abuse such a high (?) position as I have given him." It is, you can see, Metternich again, showing his anxious "wisdom," having not much care of the grandfather's remorse.

Napoleon's son was christened "Napoleon,"—now he became,—perhaps by the Emperor's special grace (?)—"Franz." And so on, Metternich took every occasion to turn the Great French Emperor's son into an unassuming Austrian Prince.

On account of his "anxiety" it was for Metternich a hard thing to find the convenient teacher for "Franz," one whom he could trust. For months he was looking out for the convenient one, then, at last, he thought to have found "his man." By the reiterated recommendations of Baron Hager, one of the most intimate aristocrats at the Vienna Imperial Court, June 26, 1815, he proposed to Emperor Francis to appoint Count Maurice Dietrichstein for his grandchild's tutor.

Montbel and some other biographers of

Napoleon II. are wrong saying, Dietrichstein was appointed by Marie Louise's special request. The mother did not care about her son's education, and she was not asked at all about that matter. She proves it herself writing from Baden near Vienna, where she was living, July 7, 1815, to her father as follows: "Yesterday I saw my boy. He sends his respects, and does very well. Count Dietrichstein was introduced to me, and I like to see him there once more on account of the circumstance, you, dear father, have appointed him only temporarily, till I can take my boy with me to Italy, or till I can choose for him another tutor, because I do not think the Count to be the proper one for the purpose, however, he may be a correct gentleman."

Six months later the same Marie Louise, the same "anxious" mother shows how she fears Metternich, and how she stays under the influence of . . . Neipperg. She says: "Now, knowing better Count Dietrichstein, I am very well satisfied with his appointment, and I shall praise his zealous painstaking about my son's education."

Montbel says, the first time she did not know Dietrichstein, and later she changed her mind. Nonsense! If a mother takes some care of her son's future, then she has to know her son's tutor a long time in advance. That was not the right way to show how anxious she is to do her "holy, motherly duty."

III



So far as we can see, Marie Louise acquiesced in the appointment of Count Dietrichstein, as her son's tutor exclusively on account of her cowardice.

The King of Rome, following his childish instinct, did not like his tutor at all. He was afraid of him, and when Countess Scarampi, the acting Court Lady, called him in the drawing-room to introduce to him the Count, he would not follow her, and said: "I will not go, till the chamberlain is there."

Countess Scarampi had hard work to persuade her obstinate pupil, and when, at last, "Franz" timidly entered the drawing-room, he soon regained his courage, and eyed the Count from head to foot with a look of mistrust.

Dietrichstein, being surprised at his pupil's demeanor, imputed his unfavorable reception to the "dangerous" influence of the French ladies attached to "Franz." "I see,"



“THE PRINCE OF PARMA”

(Water-color Painting by Isabey 1815)

In the Sleeping-room of His Majesty Francis Joseph I.

he says to Neuberg, one of the most influential Imperial Counsellors, "I have a hard problem before me [it is: to turn Napoleon's son into an Austrian Prince!] principally, as long as these French women are about the Prince." And his diary, July 1, 1815, has the following remark: "Father Landi [the Prince's future teacher in Italian language] found me in my room weeping. I have to suffer so many disagreeable things, and I see I can succeed only, if I keep from him other influences. These women do not like me, and it seems to me they are afraid I will impede their progress. They zealously estrange him from me, therefore, I cannot wonder at his mistrust."

These words are characteristic of Dietrichstein. Why does he fear these French ladies, being without power and having only the boy's personal sympathy? If he would only, and really make Napoleon's son an educated gentleman, then, he could have no reason for his fear, but, on the contrary, they could help him much in that purpose. But he did not care so much for his pupil's education,—his first duty was to estrange "Franz" from

France, even from his father, which the French ladies easily found out; therefore, no wonder they did not kiss him with joy, he, who, correct gentleman though he be, came to estrange Napoleon's amiable son from all the glorious past to which they clung with sincere enthusiasm.

It is an undoubted fact, Dietrichstein was obliged to estrange his pupil from his native country, and to do it by all means. Whether Emperor Francis himself gave him the directions and commands, or whether he only approved Metternich's proposals, does not make much difference.

A few weeks later, Dietrichstein, with his smoothness, won "Franz's" sympathy, but sympathy soon became obedience, when little Napoleon saw his tutor's smoothness was not sincere. Then, he, Dietrichstein, never could really gain his pupil's heart.

No wonder!

Even the contrary could not surprise, if we take into consideration, that Franz, with his sharp-sightedness inherited from his father, soon found out Dietrichstein to be not only his tutor, but Metternich's political agent.

Therefore, he has to be praised. He never manifested his discontent to the Count even when his will was most oppressed.

Being only a short time in his employ, Dietrichstein frankly hopes for an entire success. Really, it would not be hard for him to succeed, having plain instruction on all particulars. But, to surpass all expectations in his charge,—and that was his greatest wish,—he was looking out for a fellow-laborer. Upon his reiterated requests, September 6th, Captain Foresti was attached to him. And to tell the truth, it is remarkable Foresti was appointed with Marie Louise's knowledge, even at her request.

"Words will be inadequate," she writes to her father, "to express my gratitude for your kindness, dear father; you have appointed Captain Foresti, whom, after all I heard of him, I hope to be the most proper one, to secure my boy's education. Now, I can leave Franz calmed, I see him under such excellent influences."

All right. Marie Louise appears now like a mother, showing much interest in her son's future. But that is all! She has, really, no

care for the indispensable immediate influence upon her son's education.

Foresti, of Tyrolian birth, was thirty-nine years old when he was appointed Franz's teacher. He was an earnest, worthy, noble-hearted man, praised by everybody on account of his irreproachable character, and he understood—in spite of the circumstance, he had strictly to obey Metternich's and Dietrichstein's instructions—to take every occasion, and they were many, to alleviate his pupil's hard situation, whom he liked, and towards whom he had a sincere pity.

According to enlargement of the teaching, shortly a third teacher had to be appointed. Matthew Collin, professor of history at the Vienna University, was chosen for this position. Emperor Francis, probably made anxious by Metternich, resisted this project. He did not like to appoint for his grandchild a special teacher of history, but Dietrichstein and Foresti won with their repeated requests.

It is interesting to hear Marie Louise's mind about Collin, who was going to have the most important, and at the same time, the most responsible part. "I had an interview

with him," she says, "and am sure he will be able to teach my son in the right way. I trust my boy, educated by such excellent men, will become a worthy man of highest education."

When Collin died, November 24, 1824, the Austrian Senator Obenaus, later (1827) promoted to the rank of Baron, came in his place. He was chosen for the position because he had been Archduke Ferdinand's tutor.

Obenaus zealously would turn his pupil's mind to the way convenient to his descent, and to his sharp-willedness. His promotion shows clearly what he meant by this "convenient way." However, he undeniably was a man of highest scientific education, having care of his pupil besides the lessons too, and trying to get a favorable influence upon the frame of his mind, he, like Foresti, tried to accord the rigorous directions with his personal sympathy for "Franz."

Edmond Rostand, the celebrated French poet, showing in his famous *L'Aiglon*, Obenaus like a blind instrument to make Franz stupid, even perverse, does it exclusively on account of poetical liberty (*licentia poëtica*). It is true, Obenaus was far from being an

impartial, and an ideal teacher of history,—however, his character was simply incapable of such base-minded intents.

Not only Dietrichstein, but Obenaus and Foresti too, soon understood they had a hard task. The little, self-willed ex-King, inclining even to obstinacy, caused them many cares in point of view of pedagogy, and gave them occasion for many inconveniences.

Wertheimer, the intimate, and undoubtedly highly educated investigator of Habsburgian history, has collected together many letters and annotations made by Dietrichstein, Collin, Foresti, and Obenaus about their pupil. All these remarks enlighten L'Aiglon's education, and show many remarkable, interesting, and hitherto unknown things and opinions, which contradict the previously spread opinions about Napoleon II. He corrects many times Welschinger and Montbel, the celebrated historiographers, and all his contradictions are based upon historical documents. The most interesting of Wertheimer's remarks are those, which show us L'Aiglon's private life, the secrets of his state of mind, and his thoughts. He disproves




THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT AS AUSTRIAN CORPORAL
 (Drawing by Peter Krafft)
 Gallery of Portraits, Imperial Library, Vienna

many fantastic stories, also many dull calumnies. First of all, he disproves the opinion, ambitiously spread by certain people, that the teachers were forced to make their pupil stupid, to stifle his intellectual development, even to ruin his sanity, leading him in the way of immorality. Also he disproves the stories about their severity bordering on cruelty. At the Vienna Imperial House no expense was spared to give the Emperor's grandchild an exact education;—no one dared put any affront upon the Prince, even the teachers liked him. And about cruelty?

Well, certainly, it was cruel in view of history, that they were forced to turn Great Napoleon's son into an Austrian Prince. Little Napoleon says to his uncle, Archduke Rainer: "You can believe me, it is my highest desire to become a thoroughly educated, earnest man."

IV

T is a fable, a clumsy calumny, Emperor Francis would send his grandchild into a cloister. It is true, the whole Vienna Imperial Court was afraid of "Franz" on account of his striking intelligence;—they did not like his courage, and the inclination to arbitrariness, shown by him already as a child, and they were afraid he would overthrow Metternich's plan, which was to make him a celebrated Austrian soldier. They had much care for the open question, what might happen if Franz should find occasion to leave his prison? At Vienna everything was done in the favor of the Bourbons, to lame the Napoleon politic for ever; Metternich was many times in conference with Emperor Francis about the Prince's "dangerous" future, and he anxiously would avoid, as he says, "even in the interest of Napoleon II.," any "political folly." It is

true, the Emperor took every occasion to favor the Bourbons on account of his grandchild, and reading Senator Hudelist's following words: "It is beyond my comprehension, what is to be done with this Prince of Parma. If it depended upon me, I would make him a priest, and later, may be, a bishop,"—we can see it was a capital question at Vienna to erase little Napoleon's political career. But it is hard to believe Emperor Francis would force him to become a priest. He, certainly, would be glad if "Franz" would do it of his own free will for then Francis II. would become at once free of this political question, and he would not be forced any more to confer about it so often with Metternich. However, he loved his grandchild,—he loved him only like a weak-willed old man, but certainly never thought about Franz's priesthood.

If it seems to be incredible the grandfather would condemn his grandchild to be a priest,—it is just as hard to believe a remark of Count Prokesch-Osten, who will be mentioned later which, he says, shows Emperor Francis's nobility: "If the French Nation and the confederated powers would

allow it to you, I never would impede you in keeping possession of thy father's throne."

This sounds just like a fable. Especially in view of the circumstance that the Emperor's "love" towards his grandchild was confined just to his sentiments, and never proved by political acts. And it is hard to understand how this fable could be made even by Prokesch, who knew everything about "Franz" and who never told fables. If Emperor Francis would allow his grandchild to walk in his own way, he had many occasions to give proof of it. And if Count Prokesch-Osten knew the instruction given by the Emperor to Count Hartmann, June 9, 1831,—and he certainly did know it,—how could he make such a remark?

"I strictly forbid you," says Emperor Francis to the said Count, "to allow anyone, whom you do not know entirely, to see the Prince who is not to be infected by dangerous (?) and adventurous ideas."

I am really far from excusing the grandfather's narrow-mindedness towards his grandchild, for which no political circumstance could lay down reasons,—however, we

can frankly say, the bad treatment of little Napoleon was not all his fault. Emperor Francis, on account of his education, was accustomed to let other persons think for him, and he stood entirely under Metternich's influence. The Chancellor's political merits were highly esteemed by him,—therefore he was not energetic enough to impede his proposals, and it is undoubted he would do everything in his grandchild's favor . . . if Metternich had given him adequate suggestions.

And Metternich?

Well, he would become a better Austrian than his Emperor.

Certainly, he had to save the Austrian political interests, but he could do that without any injustice.

It was an injustice to estrange little Napoleon from his native country, even from his father! Metternich would like to see "Franz" forget everything about his father and France. But he could not succeed on account of Franz's sincere and enthusiastic love towards his father and France, and that makes the Chancellor once more guilty of injustice.

Who could imagine an education which does not allow the pupil to love his father and his native country? Such cannot be called "education,"—it is cruelty and . . . stupidity.

When Napoleon II. had occasion to return to Paris and to ascend his father's throne, he was by all means prevented from doing it. It is possible to find a reason for this injustice in view of Europe's political concert,—but, who could find reason or excuse for the fact that "Franz" never could keep possession of "his" Principedom of Parma, and that he never had seen "his" Reichstadt manor?

It is hard, if not merely impossible, to find in history's dictionary an adequate expression for such treatment. It is an undoubted historical fact, the whole Vienna Imperial palace was afraid of little Napoleon's splendid intelligence. Therefore the motto was: to avoid the arousing of his intelligence.

Marie Louise had not enough vigor, not enough motherly sentiment to do anything against these machinations. Her son's future, it can be frankly said, was in her hands, and she was the only one who could moderate

Metternich's blind odium and ailing fear. A little bit of perseverance,—a little bit of courage,—and a little bit of . . . love,—and young Napoleon's life were a happier one. A mother has not only to be courageous. A mother has to be, under certain circumstances, a hero. History shows us the greatest heroines among mothers. But Marie Louise did not belong to that class of women. She flattered Metternich,—she ever and ever gives thanks to her father without knowing what for,—she was ever satisfied. Her feebleness is a great excuse for her father.

Why?

If Emperor Francis had seen his daughter fighting for her son's and his grandchild's interest, it is impossible to think he would not appreciate his daughter's wishes. It may be, he had refused several of her requests,—however, so many injustices would not have been done. But seeing his daughter the incarnation of contentment, he thought his grandchild's education and future were in the best way. To get a clear view of L'Aiglon, we have to elbow our way through many contradictions.

For example: It was said,—and it is believed to-day by a great many persons,—the teachers were forbidden to mention before the Prince his father's name, even his French descent.

Nonsense.

That were too hard a task in view of the pupil's intelligence. Another piece of nonsense was to attribute excessive value to Emperor Francis's instruction, given to Metternich in the following: "I wish to hold in great respect before the Prince his father's name. Do not keep from him the truth, and teach him to love, to esteem, and to respect his father."

To keep the straight way between these contradictions, it has to be stated that Metternich visited his helpless odium against Napoleon upon his innocent son, and did everything to cross little Napoleon's political and historical career, even to juggle with history,—but he was not so insane as to deny his descent.

And Dietrichstein's remarkable report, given to the Emperor, June 17, 1816, and saying: "It is undeniable we cannot keep from

the Prince his descent and his father's past glory, but, on the contrary, he should know everything,—however, it is of greatest consequence to tell him these things only when he has gained a certain degree of mental maturity, otherwise it were dangerous for him,”—shows nothing else than his (Dietrichstein's) fixed delusion to surpass everybody even Metternich.

One morning in July, 1816, the King of Rome, taking his daily walk accompanied by Foresti, took occasion to drive his teacher into a delicate conversation.

“Will you tell me, please, who is the present Sovereign of France?”

“A King,” answered Foresti.

“Well, but I know it was formerly an Emperor. Could you tell me who it was?”

“It was your father, my Prince, who lost his crown and all his power on account of his exceeding warlike inclination.”

“Franz” listened. Then he said he had read through the history of France (*Fastes de France*), and after this characteristic remark he grieved that this book was taken from him, and said he knew all the wars fought by his

father. And then the *boy of six years* asked the following question:

“What do you think about my dear father? Was he a malefactor on account of all the blood he shed?”

“It is not our task to judge of him. Love your father and pray for him.”

Returning from his walk he gladly said before Collin: “I had a talk with Captain Foresti about many things in regard to my dear father.”

Two years later he gave the same Collin a similar cross-examination.

“Could you tell me,” he said, “why I was called former King of Rome?”

“That was at a time when your father had still great power.”

“Do you not know whether Rome did belong to my father?”

“Not at all. Rome is the Pope’s residence.”

“My father is now in the East Indies,—is it not so?”

“I cannot understand why he should be there?”

“Then, where is he? My ladies told me



NAPOLÉON II. AS AUSTRIAN COLONEL

(Pinx.: Daffinge.)

Imperial Gallery of Engravings, Vienna

once my father had been in England, and later he escaped from there."

"That is entirely wrong. Do you not remember, my Prince, how many times you have misunderstood things you heard? I can give you my word of honor, your father has never been in England."

For a short time the intelligent boy pondered, then he replied: "If I do well remember, I heard my father struggled with penury."

"How could you get such an idea?"

"You may be right," the Prince replied, "it seems to me improbable too."

Then he smiled. And his smile showed the son's anxious love towards his father, about whom he liked so much to know the truth,—and his smile proved it to be hard to fool him.

On another occasion, during a lesson, he once surprised Foresti with this remark: "I think Napoleon was, however, a great general, becoming King by his own power."

"You are mistaken," replied Foresti, "he was Emperor."

"Tell me, please, this Napoleon was the

same who married my mother one year before my birth?"

"Certainly," answered the teacher, and at once made the remark, "all European powers were confederated against Napoleon because he would conquer all the world."


Young Napoleon was not yet satisfied.

"Many times I heard," he said, "my dear father to be now in Africa. Will you tell me the truth about that?"

At the same instant an Imperial valet entered the room and saved Foresti from answering this delicate question, which he, now and later, always avoided answering.

These conversations are a true mirror of the "cleared-up" spirit in which little Napoleon's education was led. No other arguments are necessary to see how this "education" was adequate to the grandfather's "love," and to the mother's "holy duties."

V

“Y grandchild's education has to be based upon the truth,” says Emperor Francis to Dietrichstein. “Answer any question. That is the straightest and the best way to satisfy his curiosity and to gain his sympathy, which you need if you will lead him with success.”

These words are perpetuated in a historical document, otherwise it could be disproved in view of the circumstance that the Emperor did nothing to prove their sincerity.

The teachers did not disclose before their pupil his father's past glory,—they knew he would take notice of it without their “kind” communication. But they showed him his father merely as a heartless tyrant, and denied all his good and great qualities. Foresti was the most intimate of the teachers, which circumstance was noticed by Wertheimer, the aforementioned historiographer, to show how much L'Aiglon liked his tutors, and to prove

thereby that no exception could be taken to the method of education.

It is true Foresti's kindness was entirely appreciated by little Napoleon,—we can even speak without exaggeration of their mutual friendship. But this friendship was not sincere on Foresti's part, because he still did not tell him the truth as to his father's whereabouts.

One of the teachers, Obenaus, gives an interesting characterization of "Franz." He calls him willful, vehement, and ungovernable. Then he complains that his pupil hates to learn "by rote," but at the same time he admires his sharp intellect, his curiosity, and his unlimited ambition to know everything. Napoleon's son shows soon his inclination to independence; he is looking out for occasion to do his own will; and having his will entirely suppressed, he, for example, opens his overcoat not caring for his health and the nasty and cold weather,—only to do what he wishes to do. Many particulars could be told to show how anxiously he searched to be free, at least for a moment, from his teachers' control, which has gone beyond the limits called for

by a reasonable education. Obenaus always showed a kind demeanor towards his pupil, and he was always consistent in his treatment towards him,—however, he wished to turn Franz's mind to Metternich's instructions, but he never used any force, on the contrary, he tried to fulfill his duty with much of tact.

Dietrichstein, on the contrary, was often exceedingly severe, even impolite towards "Franz"; he was hypnotized by the fixed idea that every responsibility was upon his shoulders,—he feared Metternich, and his ambition was to become the most influential of the teachers. It may be, he did this not entirely because of cruelty, but through servility; however, he is guilty of rude injustice. By all means he would stifle his pupil's lively humor, to erase, he says, radically any war-like inclination. He is not only the leader of Franz's education;—he really makes psychological studies about him, but for *his* own and not for Franz's good.

The difference between Dietrichstein and Metternich is only this:

Metternich fears Napoleon II. and he does everything to impede the possibility of Franz's

political future,—Dietrichstein does not believe the political situation could be ever favorable for his pupil, therefore, (oh, the gentleman he is!) he anxiously takes care to save his pupil any grief, which could be not avoided, if the Prince were educated for a Sovereign. He goes even further in his imagined wisdom, thinking to save Franz's own interest, suffocating every self-willed inclination, and he does it with a roughness. He would make the lion's son a lamb. That was a hard task, even a dangerous undertaking with the young lion's brain and sensible heart. And he thought he had succeeded, though he could not reach his end. He could only squeeze the young lion in a lambskin, but he could not make him feel quite at home in this "stranger" suit.

Dietrichstein was satisfied with himself.

All right.

The Frenchman says: "*Chaqu'un à son gout.*" (Everybody does according to his taste).

We can easily see in which way Dietrichstein became satisfied with himself.

"I do not like to become an Austrian. I

have to be, I scarcely dare say it, a good Frenchman," says the boy, probably under the influence of the "cleared up" education (?). And Dietrichstein, the heroic soldier, took occasion to put into his diary the following remark: "That is too much! He has to be made, by all means, all over an Austrian."

And so on.

He really was proud of his great "success," but he has forgotten, it was not to his effort alone that little Napoleon's will was later entirely quelled.

Every excess in education is a fault. If such an excess be made maliciously, then it becomes a sin, a grievous crime, which bears with all its heavy weight upon the educator's conscience. It may be, if Dietrichstein really would give his pupil a good education, trying to turn him with kindness into an Austrian, he could have gained more of success, because what he reached cannot be called "success."

"The Prince," he says to Archduke Rainer, September 17, 1816, "already reads French fluently. I am exceedingly glad to inform Your Imperial Highness, he has spoken German for three weeks for the most part, and

shows in this language a pretty cleverness. It is remarkable, some weeks before he spoke German only to his servants, but at the present time he uses this language without any force."

And he calls that a "success."

Is it a success if a young *French* boy uses the German language in his conversation with his teachers, when they speak to him only in German? If he could inform the said Archduke, "the Prince already likes to speak German," that were really a success, but he never could reach that.

When the King of Rome was fifteen years old, Dietrichstein was happy in saying: "The Prince speaks the French language sufficiently well. His pronunciation is correct but his writing is imperfect. The way in which he expresses his thoughts shows clearly that he thinks in German. His translations from German to French show plenty of "Germanisms," and he is simply unable to write a letter in French."


Why does not this "proud gentleman" tell us the greater "success" his pupil made in

the German language, the more he disliked this language?

Count Dietrichstein really became blind about everything except the imagined glory of his "successes." No, he was not blind when he saw the golden eagles upon some books brought by Marie Louise from Paris, and he anxiously took these "dangerous" books from "Franz." And that was called a "cleared-up" education afraid of printed French Imperial eagles.

Young Napoleon liked to speak often about his father. Who does not like to do it? Later he gave up this innocent pleasure, hearing ever and ever the same reply: "These things you know only by nursery tales which you heard when you were a child, unable to understand such fables."

VI

T has been told before that Dietrichstein was anxious by all means to remove the French ladies from young Napoleon, but he had hard work. These ladies were brought by Marie Louise and he had to reiterate many times his requests before Countess Montesquieu, the Lady of Honor, and Madame Marchand, the boy's faithful and true nurse, were finally sent away. Then Émile Goberau, the French valet's son, a boy of seven, and young Napoleon's favorite play-fellow—even Flambeau, the true old grenadier, who never left the Prince's ante-chamber, were removed too. All these Dietrichstein thought to be dangerous obstacles to a good education.

Going further in his mania he forbade his fellow-laborers to speak with "Franz" about his father and this fantasy goes so far that he is afraid even when he sees his pupil playing with his wooden soldiers, which play, he thinks,



MISS MAUDE ADAMS AS DUKE OF REICHSTADT IN ROSTAND'S
"L'AIGLON"

may awaken warlike inclinations. From 1815 to 1830 he anxiously took care to avoid any "dangerous" conversation, and during this time nobody could enter young Napoleon's room without undergoing a hard cross-examination. Even when Gen. Bélliard, sent by the French King Louis Philippe, came to see the Prince, Dietrichstein curtly forbade him this visit.

If we like to know Dietrichstein's "pedagogical wisdom," it is remarkable to hear his own words, spoken to young Napoleon August 24, 1826, because he did not like to take his daily walk: "Do what you wish. You hold your future in your own hand. We, your tutors, can easily give of ourselves a most satisfactory account. Our great merits (?) in regard to your education are well known and appreciated by everybody. But I think it is now time you would take into consideration how greatly you are responsible for everything you do. You are responsible not only at the present time, but in the next world too." This great philosopher—do you not think Dietrichstein was one?—contradicted himself many times. He does not like to speak with

young Napoleon about the Great French Emperor, and he carefully avoids any remembrance of Napoleon's glory. Then in 1818 he says to Obenaus: "I think it is time to inform the Prince, together with other things, about his father's history, of which he now knows so many particulars. I am very sorry I could not find the proper book which could be used for that purpose without any danger. However, I trust in you that you will perform this delicate task wisely in the Prince's interest as you have hitherto done."

The same year Franz was appointed by his grandfather Captain in the Austrian Imperial Hunter regiment. The new Captain was happy. The following letter, sent by him to Foresti, shows his exceeding joy.

"Vienna, August 19, 1828.

"MY DEAR COLLEAGUE:

"I hasten to inform you of the happiest event of my life. This is an event, which, at last, the more unexpected it is, the more joyful it has been. It makes me the happiest man in the world.

"Yesterday, before noon, the Emperor

called my mother to his writing-room. After a brief interview, she came out with shining face, and apparently in good humor, spoke with the General and the Count.

"During the dinner she spoke much with the Emperor, always smiling at me. After dinner the Emperor played, as usual, cards. Then, finishing the play, he called me. 'I know,' the Emperor said, 'you have wanted something for a long time,' while in my embarrassment, I could only answer: 'I, your Majesty?' 'Yes,' replied the Emperor, 'and to show my appreciation of my satisfaction, and for the services I expect from you, I herewith appoint you Captain in my Hunting Regiment. Be a good man, that is all I ask of you.' With these words His Majesty dismissed me. I was so elated that I could hardly respond. As I got into the reception-room, I found there the Empress (he ever called his mother 'Empress'), the Archduchesses, and all the gentlemen, already waiting to congratulate me. I hurried to my mother knowing I owed my appointment to her.

"She had been preparing the Emperor for the last few days, but yesterday she openly

came out with her request. The Emperor was first reluctant and wanted to know Count Dietrichstein's opinion. He joined my mother in her request and this decided it. The decision was made yesterday, and Gen. Kutschera, of whom I shall always think with deep gratitude, notified Prince Hohenzollern (the Commander of the Austrian Imperial Hunters) last night.

"I shall also soon be announced as a Captain in the army. Gen. Neipperg, who always manifested his good will towards me, was glad that I have become an officer, and Gen. Salis, whom I told about my appointment, immediately thought how pleased you would be to hear this.

"And, really, my dear friend, you are the one, whom I should first inform of my appointment to the officers' corps, which you have been serving with great honors for years, since you gave me the first lessons in the military profession, outside of which you told me I must not choose any other. Now we shall really study the military sciences, and nothing shall discourage me.

"My self-respect and the desire to become

worthy of the great honor bestowed upon me will change me. I shall give up all childishness, and shall become a man in the truest sense of the word. This is my earnest decision. It is unnecessary to say, my dear Colleague, that there is no question yet of entering active service, but I know that this can only take place when I shall have finished my studies and proved the maturity of my mind.

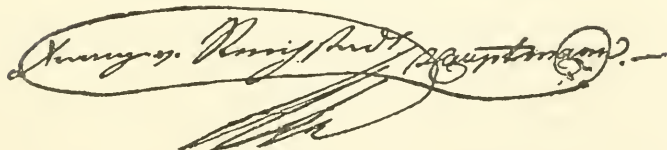
"The Count will write you in detail about my equipment and I only ask you to kindly hasten it.

"Give my best regards to Mr. Obenaus, Major Weiss, and Barthélemy, who shall, I feel certain, be glad of my appointment, and also the Court Chaplain.

"I remain, dear Colleague,

"Your servant and friend,

"FRANZ VON REICHSTADT, Captain."



The youth of seventeen who gained his men-

tal maturity so quickly, was on account of his appointment so hopeful! Alas he had to be convinced soon that he had with this "appointment" absolutely nothing else than the uniform. The Captain was moreover treated like a schoolboy, and even his thoughts were anxiously controlled. No wonder he searched every occasion to show his own will and it was not his fault that he had only childish occasions to do this. During lessons he acted very often as if he were absolutely incapable of understanding his teachers' explanations and the easiest questions were answered by him in a wrong way, and only after a while, having fooled the desperate teachers, he shows that he understood everything. He was exceedingly curious, he liked to know everything, and he passed all his free time in reading. In learning as his father did, he does not care to know his lessons "by heart." He "understood" all the things he learned.

Often he played during lessons or he played a trick upon one of his teachers; he even fibbed a little, but only because he knew it to be forbidden.

These are some of the drawbacks of this

“excellent” education, suffocating all the individuality.

He watches Dietrichstein’s every movement and when he sees him talking with some one of his entourage, he steals up and hides behind the door or some piece of furniture listening, hoping that he might hear a few words . . . about his father.

Metternich had no reason to fear Napoleon II. as all his will had been thoroughly enervated.

Young Napoleon was a good-hearted boy, inclining to gaiety. These qualities were anxiously controlled.

When he was ten years old, he took a walk accompanied by Dietrichstein. Beside the road he saw a sparrow eating a caterpillar and big tears proved his good heart. He gladly gives his favorite toys to the boys he sees in his walks, and often he distributes all his pocket-money to the poor. Many times he says how he regrets poor children being in need of bread while he abounds in all good things. The amiability of his character is shown in that he never was angry with Dietrichstein, not even when he gained his maturity, and under-

stood all the injustices; and he shows attachment for one who rules him in every trifle. He even appears like a little hero saying to his tutor: "I will think of you with gratitude for ever."

We would like to know for what will he think with gratitude of Dietrichstein? Foresti tells us of saying to Dietrichstein: "Your Excellency, we better keep the straight way of justice."

X When the King of Rome was eighteen years of age, 1828, Emperor Francis made him Colonel of the Sixtieth Austrian Infantry regiment, and on this occasion he wished to declare his majority and to give him a separate household. Possibly he would calm his remorse. Really that would have been a great thing for young Napoleon, because then he would have been equal to all the other members of the Habsburgian family, and he would be indemnified for many injustices. But Dietrichstein again was filled with "anguish." "Whatever resolution may be made by Your Imperial Majesty," he says in his report, August 28, 1828, "my conscience is calmed.

However I should feel the sincerest sorrow if my well-meant proposition should not be taken into consideration because I see the Prince's future would become most dangerous in that way. I have been so many years at his side—I know him thoroughly, and therefore it seems to be my duty to call Your Majesty's high attention to the circumstance, that the Prince has to be judged by a special law."

Then he further says he knows the Prince the best and he fears to jump him into dangerous political adventures for which his majority would furnish many an occasion.

And he succeeded. Emperor Francis, however, gave to his grandchild the title and uniform of a Colonel, but nothing else. And that was only a little bit more than nothing.

Count Dietrichstein retained even after he left his employ, a decisive influence upon Napoleon II.'s education, and he always did everything against his former pupil's interest.

"I would rather know my boy to be strangled than to see him become an Austrian Prince," said Great Napoleon at one time, when he spoke of his son's future.

However, we have to be impartial.

It is true young Napoleon's education was led exclusively by the view of Austrian politics. It is true he had to suffer many great and hard injustices; and it is undeniable he could have been treated even without any offence to this policy in a much kinder and better way. But it is wrong, it is a clumsy fable that his tutors had him tortured to death like base-minded hirelings, and it is still greater nonsense to believe they did it, not only with Metternich's, but even with the Emperor's knowledge, yea even by his command.

In 1842 a pamphlet was published in which was said the aforesaid Count Prokesch-Osten gave the King of Rome a piece of poisoned watermelon. By another party it was told his tutors had maliciously ruined his morals, and these fabulists tell dreadful stories about a notorious dancer, Fanny Elsler.

Count Montbel, the French Ambassador at Vienna, positively disproves these fables by immediate experience, and the story of attempted poisoning was clearly disproved by the said Count Prokesch-Osten, who, later, had occasion to see Napoleon III. and whom he

assured that his cousin, "Franz," was not even acquainted with Fanny Elsler.

The act, taken upon Napoleon II.'s death, July 23, 1832, and signed by the most celebrated Austrian physicians (Malfatti, Wirer, Jemlitsch, Hieber, Rima, and Zangler), and based on the autopsy, clearly tells us the cause of his death. This act says young Napoleon's brain, heart, and liver were normal; his stomach was strikingly small, his chest also too small, and his left lung thoroughly destroyed by pus. Therefore, it is clear, "Franz" was not killed by the poisoned watermelon nor by his "friendship" with Fanny Elsler. A many times more dangerous enemy: phthisis killed him!

Foresti's diary, date July 22, 1832, has the following remark: "The Prince died July 22, 1832, five o'clock in the morning at the Schoenbrunn Imperial palace. His death was caused by phthisis, and by . . . foretold by Obenaus."

These dashes gave occasion to the aforementioned clumsy fables. But what do they mean?

They mean the said Obenaus mistrusted

from the first the celebrated Doctor Malfatti, the physician-in-chief of the Vienna Imperial Court whom he says is responsible for a wrong diagnosis. He did not like to tell frankly his opinion of the physician, so these dashes do not mean anything else than: "Doctor Malfatti's stupidity."

On another page of his diary Foresti says: "It was sorrowful to see how these "would-be geniuses" [he means Malfatti and Hieber], stuck to their wrong diagnosis, when they knew the destroying disease and their big mistake."

It is a remarkable historical fact that the King of Rome was doctored for liver complaint and the real disease was recognized by the "medical celebrities" only on the last day. But there is no reason to cast suspicion upon these physicians. However, the fact that they were Metternich's, yes, even Emperor Francis's physicians does not excuse their ignorance.



NAPOLEON II. ON HIS BIER
(Water-color Painting by Ender)
Art Gallery of the Archduke Albrecht, Vienna

VII

THE King of Rome was well-beloved by everybody, though it will be hard to believe this of Count Dietrichstein. Only Metternich hated him.

His winsome appearance, his personal amiability and his fascinating look made everybody forget he was the son of the late hated Napoleon.

His grandmother, the Austrian Empress, called him "My dear little boy," and she signed her letters, "Thy sincerely loving grandmamma." Archduchess Sophie, the mother of the present Austrian Emperor and Hungarian King, who nursed "Franz" many times during his illness called him "My dear old boy," and her husband, Archduke Francis Charles, signed his letters, "Thy tender loving Franz." We can see he was not in need of love. But all these had no power to do anything for their beloved cousin and they

had to be satisfied to show their love in good words, and kind treatment.

The time came soon when "Franz" did not care much for any love. It was the beginning of the end. His humor became day by day more sad. He lost his gaiety and his winsome smiles could be seen but seldom, and when he did smile those about him were forced to turn their heads and wipe away the tears from their eyes. That was not young Napoleon's nor "Franz's" smile—that was death's cruel grin! He cast down his talking blue eyes, he went about with his head cast down as if he were walking in another world, where he at last!—would soon know the truth about his father, from whom the cruel fates had torn him, and who loved him so much.

The weaker he got the more he spoke about his father and he wept only for shame. But when he was alone with Archduchess Sophie then his tears ran freely.

Dietrichstein himself was seized with great consternation when, coming to see his former pupil, he saw the great change, but he had forgotten he had his part in it: he would have turned him into an Austrian Prince but he was

unable to consummate this task. He filled the youth's heart with bitterness and that only.

The healthy development of "Franz" was essentially hindered by his sudden growth together with the fact that his heart was filled with so many wishes and frustrated hopes that he was never able to realize. The youth of twenty-one years appeared like a dried up old man, and the fact that he was in need of the sympathy which even the poorest beggar enjoys, made his sufferings harder still. Marie Louise, who had changed from Great Napoleon's wife to an "elegant" adventuress, confined herself to saying to her boy only "good night." A "good-night" after which there was no "good-morning."

Captain Baron Moll, the most intimate friend of "Franz," did not leave him for a moment during his last days; he did everything to alleviate his sufferings; he spared no trouble to soothe his pains.

"You see, dear friend, what a hard time I have made for you," said Napoleon II. a few hours before his death, with a touching look as if he would beg Moll's pardon.

July 21, 1832, "Franz" talked with Moll

about his favorite plan, the journey to Naples, and he was discontented to hear from Moll that the coach ordered especially for that purpose was not yet ready. At the same time Doctor Malfatti states death's immediate approach . . . and in the Habsburgian family vault masons are about to prepare a new sepulchre.

The night, his last one, notwithstanding his poor condition, was fairly good, and he had a short sleep. Then, July 22, fifteen minutes before four o'clock in the morning, he waked up and turned cold all over.

His agony begun.

"Help! Help! I will sink!" he cries, shaking, and then, exerting all his power, he regained for a short time his calmness.

"I want to see my mother! Call her! Keep off this table! I do not need anything more! Mother! Mother!" After these words he convulsively presses Moll's hand, and after a pitifully short silence he sat up with extreme exertion in his bed.

"Compresses! Compresses!" he cries. And then he fell backwards. Moll hastened to call Marie Louise who some days before arrived

at Vienna. When she, accompanied by Archduke Charles and the whole Imperial staff, entered her son's death-room, she, in sight of her dying child, fainted away.

It was too late!

The Court Chaplain came to administer extreme unction and "Franz" kept his eyes upon the priest's every motion. Then he laid his tired head on his cushions.

The 22d of July, 1832, at five o'clock in the morning, "L'Aiglon" left the same room, where his father had addressed (1805) his proclamation against the Bourbons.

He left it forever!

At the fifteenth anniversary of his appointment as Duke of Reichstadt he followed his father's call: "Come on, my dear child. Now thou art mine, and nobody can keep thee away!"

The death of Napoleon II. roused not only in France, but in Austria, too, great compassion.

"Emperor Francis was deeply touched by his grandchild's death," says Foresti. And the Emperor himself approves these words,

saying: "If I consider my grandchild's sufferings, then his death seems to me his redemption. But I will miss him all the time."

And Metternich?

He said to Emperor Francis: "I am glad that Your Imperial Majesty has not seen the Prince. I never saw such a sorrowful sight."

These words are the Chancellor's true photograph.

In the Vienna Habsburgian vault (in the cloister of Cappucine Fathers), we find the following epitaph:

"To the perpetual memory of Joseph Charles Francis, Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon, Emperor of France, and Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, who was born at Paris, March 20, 1811, in his cradle called King of Rome, distinguished from his contemporaries by his excellent mental and bodily qualities and his winsome appearance and discourse; making remarkable progress in study of the military profession, and showing exceeding cleverness in exercises. Phthisis, pitifully, called him back to his ancestors, at Schoenbrunn, near Vienna, July 22, 1832."

Some persons may be will find something satisfactory in this epitaph.

Well, if it seems to bring satisfaction, that there is made remembrance of Napoleon I., even of the Kingdom of Rome, we will not fight against such an opinion. However, we like to state Napoleon II. was not in need of any recognition. He could be made an Austrian Prince—he could be called “Franz”—though he was Great Napoleon’s son!

May he have an undisturbed, pleasant sleep!

Supplements II

Countess Camerata



COUNTRESS NAPOLEONA ELIZA CAMERATA, born in Normandy, June 3, 1806, was the daughter of Great Napoleon's sister, Marie Anna Elizabeth Bonaparte. Her father, Felice, Duke of Piombino and Lucca, went, after the Emperor, his brother-in-law, lost all his power, to Trieste, then to Vienna, and later to Bologna. Napoleona Eliza was married in 1825 to Count Camerata, but five years later they were divorced and after that time she was supported by her father's bounty. When she died her son, Count Napoleon Camerata, inherited her fortune of about fifteen million francs, which she had received on the death of her father. He received an appointment in the French Navy. After the political stratagem of Napoleon III., 1851, he became a member of the French Senate. Two years later he committed suicide.

The said Countess Napoleona Eliza Cambrata had a hard task: she would secure the escape of her cousin, the King of Rome, from Vienna, and on account of this undertaking many strange stories were spread about her.

The truth is she was a courageous and very interesting young woman—of course, every courageous woman is interesting—and it was not her fault that she could not take an important part in making history.

When she saw her uncles, Joseph and Lucian Bonaparte, would only help their cousin by letters and written communications, she became impatient, and she hastened to “do” something for the young “prisoner.”

August 26, 1830, she says in her letter sent from Rome where she was living, to her friend, Countess Lipona: “Who can foretell the future ending of the political events? For my part, I think we are at the beginning of a great event.”

Really she stood before a great event which was frustrated without her fault.

Still at the beginning she showed her political cleverness.

To get the necessary passport she asked the personal influence of the Pope with the pretext that she would make an absolutely private visit to her father's Vienna home. In that way she at once received her passport, and she cleverly solved another hard task. To get her passport countersigned by the Austrian Embassy at Rome, she went to see the Ambassador, Count Lutzow, and would make him believe that she could not stay any longer so far away from her father whom she wished to see once more. "I am now just like my father," she said, "an Austrian subject." Lutzow believed this story and countersigned her passport with the condition that she shall go via Venice and Trieste. He has no idea that the Countess will use his signature for a political purpose. His letter sent September, 1830, to Duke Porcia, Governor of Trieste, shows how "well" he was informed about the young Countess's undertaking: "I am sure," he says, "there is no reason to give the Countess any political importance. I know she is very proud of her uncle (Napoleon I), whom she admires, and whom she likes to imitate, but I do not think her able, nor capable of any political

undertaking. For such things she has not enough intelligence nor consideration, furthermore she has not enough money for such a purpose."

When Countess Camerata arrived at Venice she again sent a letter to her friend, Countess Lipona, informing her that she was going on a voyage "about a very important affair." This letter fell into wrong hands: those of a police officer, and he brought it to the Police-prefect Cattanei, who, after reading it, sent, October 18th, a special report to Baron Sedlnitzky, the Vienna Police-prefect, calling his attention to the Countess. "This young adventuress," he says, "undoubtedly seems to set her wits to work in favor of the Bonapartes." The same Cattanei called the Countess to his office to see her passport and when he could not find any legal reason to stop her travel he personally investigated her baggage thoroughly hoping to find something "suspicious." Not being able to find anything, he let her go.

Countess Camerata arrived at Trieste September 15th, where she had an interview in regard to her plan with her aunt, Marie

Annunziata Murat, ex-Queen of Naples. The next day she continued her travels.

Frederick Masson, one of Napoleon's biographers, tries to disprove in his essay "L'Aiglon et la Comtesse Camerata," issued in the June copy, 1900, of the *Revue de Paris*, that the Countess ever had a passport, even though she had been in Vienna, but later, when he saw his mistake he retracted his opinion. It is a historical fact that she received the passport and reached Vienna, but it is surprising, however, how she could get so far in her undertaking with the surveillance she was under by the anxious Austrian police? She had one great advantage, that she would make everyone believe that she really would become an Austrian subject. Later the same police had reason to regret their somewhat careless surveillance.

The historical fact is, the Countess was on November 11, 1830, at the Vienna Imperial palace, where she found out which way her cousin is to go as he went from the second floor to Obenaus' room downstairs. There she met him and at this interview she enthusiastically siezed and kissed her cousin's hand,

and at his protest she cried: "Who may forbid me to kiss my Emperor's hand?"

Probably at this interview she had no time to intimate to her cousin about her plan. This is proved by letters she sent to him. But this interview really happened, and that young Napoleon knew the visitor is proved by Dietrichstein's diary, which date, November 11, 1830, has the following remark: "The Prince has seen down stairs near Obenaus's room the Countess Camerata."

The Countess spoke German fluently and owing to this she was able to bribe one of the valets who smuggled her letters into the Imperial palace. At the question, why L'Aiglon did not take his cousin's advice (?) we have to answer, because these letters fell into Dietrichstein's hands, who tells us in his diary, November 30: "Countess Camerata sent two letters to the Prince."

Count Prokesch-Osten—it is hard to find out the reason, why—tries to disprove that the Countess had time to see her cousin, and he says, she could not have arrived at Vienna before November 9th, and two days, he says, were too short a time to find an opportunity

to enter the Imperial palace secretly. Now we know the Countess left Trieste October 19th, and she certainly, even with the slowest post-chaise, could reach Vienna within ten days, in which case she arrived at the Austrian metropolis at least two weeks before the said interview.

Another surprising remark of the same Count Prokesch is an untruth: he would make us believe neither Duke Metternich nor Baron Sedlnitzky, the Vienna Police-prefect, knew nothing about the Countess's journey and arrival in Vienna, and he says this "secret" came out only after young Napoleon's death. The historical fact is, Metternich and Sedlnitzky knew very well about her arrival, they knew everything about her journey to Vienna and they were exactly informed in regard to all her movements. The Archives of the Vienna ministerium for home affairs has a letter of Metternich addressed to Count Lutzow, the aforesaid Ambassador, dated May 3, 1831, in which the Chancellor informs the Ambassador in the following words: "Countess Camerata (he says: 'Frau von Camerata') was expelled from Vienna where she left a disa-

greeable memory. She undertook the dangerous task of helping the Duke of Reichstadt to escape in order that he might have the leading part in Bonapartian politics. She was sorry that her undertaking came to nothing, therefore, she did not like to return either to her father, nor to her brother, and she went to Prague, because she did not yet give up her plan, and she would stay for a time still on Austrian territory."

At the same time at the Vienna Imperial Court it was resolved to take "Franz" to Prague, the Bohemian Capital, where he should take part in the military exercises. Really that were a good occasion to make the world believe young Napoleon thinks himself nothing else than an Austrian officer. But on account of his unexpected sickness this project could not be carried out and he never saw Prague.


When Countess Camerata later was convinced that she would never see her cousin again and accomplish her plan, she returned to Italy. However, it is undeniable, she was a courageous woman. To promote family politics she was scorned and ill treated by the

Vienna Imperial Court and Metternich with the venom which ever characterized him, sadly misjudged her. But this judgment does not at all belittle her character: her love for her country and her family.

Anyway it remains an open and most important historical question, what would have happened, if Countess Camerata's project had turned out well?

All other stories spread about young Napoleon's lovely cousin are nothing but fabrications, and were spread abroad for no good purpose.

SOMETHING ABOUT AN INTER- ESTING POEM

ETER JOHN BÉRANGER, the celebrated French poet, (born Paris, August 19, 1780, died July 16, 1875), wrote in 1812 one of his most interesting poems entitled *Les deux cousins, ou lettre d'un petit Roi à un petit Prince* ("The two cousins, or letter of a little King to a little Prince"), in which he gives the Prince of Bourbon the advice that he should not trust those about him in their simulated, flattering loyalty, and that he should learn of the King of Rome how good luck is unsteady.

August Marseille Barthélemy, another French poet (who is not to be confounded with August Barthélemy De Saint Hilaire, young Napoleon's teacher in the French language), follows Béranger's example and writes in 1825 another political poem about Napoleon II. entitled *Le fils de l'Homme*,

("The son of the Man"), and this was a great surprise to the public. Barthélemy, the former implacable enemy of the Bonapartes, speaks now in the interest of one of them. This poem was published to try and turn the public mind (already somewhat favorable to young Napoleon) thoroughly in his favor, and therefore this publication jarred the Paris and Vienna governments like a bomb.

With splendid enthusiasm Barthélemy speaks about the Great Emperor's son, and says he was sacrificed by the "heartless" Austrian politics. In the beginning he calls upon L'Aiglon not to forget his name, and to look out to regain his father's crown. Then he attacks the Austrian Imperial Court, and asks Metternich and the others why they will ruin by every means Napoleon's son?

And then he prophesies, and says the faithful son of the "Grande Nation" will pull asunder his fetters, and he will return to his well-beloved France.

And this prophecy frightened both the Bourbon and the Habsburg politicians. This poem is remembered on account of this characterizing circumstance.

Count Joseph Apponyi, the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, calls, in his report sent to Metternich, June 12, 1829, the Chancellor's attention to this poem.

And Barthélemy?

Like an exceedingly enthusiastic poet explodes all the stories spread about young Napoleon. In the first place he repeats the story of the poisoning. Afterward he goes to see the "Emperor." Arriving in Vienna December 31, 1828, there he says he came only to offer a copy of his celebrated work, *Napoleon en Égypte* to "Franz." Then he, January 3, 1829, went to see Dietrichstein, he took with him two copies of his aforementioned book and offering one of them to the Count, asked him for permission to give the other copy to the Prince. The diplomatic Dietrichstein smiling takes both copies, explaining to the poet that the book has to be read by him thoroughly first, then he will give him his opinion in which behalf he may call again.

Barthélemy distrusting the Count did not call again, but decided to carry out his own plans. For four weeks he conceals himself in Vienna, trying by all means to see young

Napoleon. Then, at last, convinced he has no hope for success, breathing vengeance, returns to Paris, and upon arriving there he immediately published his poem *Le fils de l'Homme*.

The French government taking notice of his publication gave a special order to confiscate all the copies wherever they may be found, but the police could not find more than 8000 copies three days after the poem was published, out of an issue of 300,000.

"I worry about this order," says Count Apponyi to Metternich, "this may result in great trouble. However, the government cannot remain idle seeing how the principle of legitimacy will be shaken and the common peace disturbed."

If the leaders of Austrian and Bourbon politics did not see and know young Napoleon's popularity, why then were they so afraid of this poem?

At the Bourbon Royal Court it was a rule to stifle by all means any remembrance of the name "Napoleon," and now they lost their calm.

Portalès, the secretary for foreign affairs, who had to thank Great Napoleon for every-

thing and who was formerly Napoleon's protégé became his enemy, involved Barthélemy in a law-suit alleging "high treason done by his poem." He really could not have taken a better way. He hoped to erase Napoleon II. from history forever, but on the contrary he made everybody talk about the famous suit and about Napoleon's son. Portalis instead of attaining his effect raised young Napoleon's popularity higher than was done by anyone else before him.

The trial of Barthélemy's "crime" was begun July 29, 1822. A big crowd entirely filled the Court House and Victor Hugo, the great poet, also Gen. Gourgaud, Napoleon's faithful friend were among the audience. The public's great interest was once more heightened by the interesting rumor that the defendant would appear before his judge without a lawyer, and would plead his case himself . . . versifying.

And when Barthélemy was called to the bar, he really versified his apology, and the enthusiasm reached such a height that no one cared that he was sentenced to a penalty of 1000 francs, and to prison for three years, even


it was stated by the big crowd leaving the court room that this sentence raised young Napoleon's name and caused a perpetual remembrance of his popularity.

Obenaus's diary, August 11, 1829, says: "I had a talk with the Prince about Barthélemy's poem, and I told him the author had been here and should have liked to see him very much. I have shown the Prince this poem so he may see by what means some people like to mislead the public mind." On the same page he confesses to have made a "mistake," speaking to his pupil about the matter, then he says the Prince read this poem and told him with enthusiasm: "Yes, really, the chief object of my life can be nothing else than to become a worthy heir of my father's glory." That was the reason for the great fear caused by Barthélemy's poem.

Do you not think so?

Supplements III

SHORT VIEW OF THE GENEALOGY OF THE IMPERIAL HOUSE OF BONAPARTE

HE descent of the Bonaparte family goes back many centuries. The history of Italy says this family was a celebrated one during the XIII century and the history of the Italian cities of Florence, Treviso, San Miniato, and Geneva are connected with the Bonaparte name. James ("Jacopo") Bonaparte, who in 1527 published his celebrated historical work entitled *Ragguaglio storico de tutto L'accorso par giorno nel sacco di Roma dell anno 1527* was still known as a descendant of the old nobility. Later another Bonaparte, Nicholas ("Nicolo"), the author of a play, *La vidova*, was called to fill a chair in the university of San Miniato, and was a nobleman of high descent.

The Bonaparte family became divided into different branches and one of them settled

during the XVI century in Ajaccio, the Capital of the Isle of Corsica, there many of them held high social and political positions (*Cittadini, Padri del Commune*). The proper institutors of the Ajaccio Branch of Bonaparte's were Napoleon ("Nabulione di Buonaparte"), the Emperor's grandfather, and Lucian, uncle of Great Napoleon, later Cardinal of Paris. The following list shows the generations of the Imperial family of the Bonapartes:

N A B U L I O N E d i B U O N A P A R T E

Carlo Bonaparte

Born Ajaccio, Mar. 29, 1746,—died Montpellier Feb. 24, 1786.
 (Mary Letizia di Ramolino, of Saracen, North African, descent, born Ajaccio Aug. 24, 1750, died Rome Feb. 2, 1836.)

- I.) Joseph (Mary Julia Clary).
- II.) Napoleon (1. Josephine Tascher).
 (2. Marie Louise of Austria.)
- III.) Jerome (1. Elizabeth Patterson).
 (2. Catharina of Wuerttemberg.)
- IV.) Lucien (1. Christine Boyer).
 (2. Laurencia Bleschamp.)
- V.) Mary Anna Elizabeth (Paschalis di Bacciocchi).
- VI.) Louis (Hortensia Beauharnais).
- VII.) Pauline Caroline Mary (1. Leclerc).
 (2. Camillo Borghese.)
- VIII.) Carolina Mary Annunziata (Joachime Murat).

I.) Joseph,
King of Spain.

Born Corté, Jan. 1, 1768,—died Florence, July 24, 1844.
(Mary Julia Clary, born Marseille, Dec. 27, 1777,—died Florence, Apr. 7, 1845.)

1. Charlotte Zenaïde,
July 6, 1801—July 8, 1845.
(Prince Lucien Charles Bonaparte.)

2. Charlotte,
Oct. 31, 1802—Mar. 9, 1839.
(Louis Napoleon, Duke of Bergen.)



"MADAME MÈRE"
LETIZIA DI RAMOLINO
Young Napoleon's Grandmother

II.) Napoleon I,

Emperor of France, King of Italy, etc.

Born Ajaccio, Aug. 15, 1769,—died St. Helena, May 5, 1821.

(1. Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, widow of Marquis Stephen de Beauharnais.)

(2. Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, daughter of Emperor Francis II.)

Napoleon II,

King of Rome,

Prince of Parma,

Duke of Reichstadt.

Born Paris, March 20, 1811,—died Schoenbrunn, July 22, 1832.

The King of Rome

III.) J e r o m e ,
King of Westphalia,
Count of Montfort.

Born Ajaccio, Nov. 15, 1773,—died Apr. 4, 1860.

(1. Elizabeth Patterson, Baltimore, Maryland,
born Dec. 27, 1803,—died April 9, 1879.)

Jerome Napoleon, Camberwell, England,
Born July 7, 1805,—died Baltimore, June 17, 1870.
(Susan Mary Williams, Baltimore, Nov. 3, 1829.)

1. Jerome Napoleon.
Born Nov. 5, 1830,—
died Sept. 3, 1893.
(Caroline Le Roy (Appleton)
Edgar, Sept. 7, 1871.)

2. Charles Joseph,
Attorney-Gen. of U. S. A.
Born June 9, 1851.
(Ellen Channing Day,
Sept. 1, 1875.)

1. Louise Eugénie,
Born Feb. 7, 1873.
(Adam, Count Moltke-
Huitfeldt, Dec. 30, 1896.)

2. Jerome Napoleon
Charles,
Born Feb. 26, 1878.



HON. CHARLES J. BONAPARTE
Attorney-General of the United States

III.) J e r o m e

(see page 92).

(2. Catherine, Princess of Wuerttemberg, Dec. 1, 1807.)

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| 1. Napoleon Jerome Charles, Count of Montfort, Born Graz (Austria) Aug. 14, 1814. Died May 25, 1874. | 2. Mathilde Leticia Wilhelmina, born May 27, 1820,—died Paris, 1903. (Anatole, Duke Demidow.) | 3. Napoleon Joseph Charles, "Prince Napoleon, Plon Plon." Born Trieste (Austria), Sept. 9, 1822,—died Mar. 8, 1891. (Clotilde, daughter of Vittorio Emanuele, King of Sardinia.) |
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| 1. Napoleon Victor, born July 19, 1862. | 2. Louis, Gen. in the Russian Army. Born June 16, 1864. | 3. Mary Leticia, born Dec. 20, 1866. (Amadeo, Duke of Aosta. |
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IV.) Lucien,
Duke of Canino.

Born Ajaccio, May 21, 1775,—died Viterbo, Apr. 30, 1840.

(1. Christina Boyer, died May 14, 1821.)

1. Caroline, born May 13, 1776,—died Rome, May 6, 1865.

(1. Mario, Duke Gabrielli.)

(2. Cettino Centamori.)

2. Christina Egypte, born Oct. 19, 1798,—died May 18, 1847.

(1. Arved, Count Posse.)

(2. Lord Dudley.)

3. Leticia, born Dec. 1, 1804,—died March 1, 1871.

(Thomas Wyse.)

1. Marie Louise,

born Apr. 25, 1832.

(1. Solms.)

(2. Ratazzi.

(Rute.)

2. Thekla.

(Francis Türr, Hungarian,

former Gen. in Garibaldi's army.)

4. Johanna, born July 22, 1806,—died 1826.

(Marchese di Honorati.)

5. Paul, 1808-1827.

6. Louis Lucien, born Thorngrove, Jan. 1, 1813,—died Fano,
Nov. 3, 1891.

7. Peter, "The Black Prince, born Oct. 11, 1815,—died Ver-
sailles, Apr. 7, 1881.

1. Roland, May 19, 1858.

2. Johanna.

(Marquis de Villeneuve.)

8. Anton, born Frascati, Oct. 31, 1816,—died Florence, 1877.

(Mary Anna Cardinalli.)

9. Alexandrine Mary, born Oct. 12, 1818,—died Perugia,
Aug. 26, 1874.

(Vincenzio Valentini, Count of Canino.)

10. Constancia, born Jan. 30, 1821,—died Sept. 6, 1876.



HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS PRINCE NAPOLEON VICTOR

IV.) Lucien

(see page 94).

- (2. Laurencia Alexandrine Bleschamp, born 1778,—died Sinagaglia, July 12, 1855.)

Charles Lucien Julius, Prince of Canino and Musignano,
born Paris, May 24, 1803,—died July 29, 1857.
(Charlotte Zenaide, daughter of King Joseph of Spain.)

1. Joseph, Prince of Musignano, born Philadelphia, Sept. 13, 1824,—died Rome, Sept. 2, 1865.
2. Lucien, Cardinal, born Nov. 25, 1828,—died Rome, 1868.
 3. Napoleon Charles, born Feb. 15, 1839.
(Christine Ruspoli.)
 4. Julia, 1830.
(Alessandro, Marchese di Gallo.)
 5. Carolina, born Mar. 4, 1832.
(Peter Primoli.)
 6. Mary, born Mar. 18, 1835.
(Paolo, Conte di Campbello.)
 7. Augusta, born Nov. 9, 1836.
(Placidio, Duca di Gabrielli.)
 8. Bathilda, born Nov. 26, 1840.
(Count Cambacérés.)

V.) Mary Anna Elizabeth,
 born Ajaccio, Apr. 3, 1777,—died Trieste, 1820.
 (Pascalis, Duca di *Bacciocchi*.)

1. Napoleona Eliza,
 born June 3, 1806,—died 1825.
 (Count Camerata.)

2. Napoleon Frederick
 1814–1833.

Napoleon,
 Count Camerata,
 Died 1853.

VI.) L o u i s ,

King of Holland,

born Ajaccio, Nov. 2, 1778,—died Livorno, July 25, 1846.

(Hortensia Beauharnais, Napoleon I.'s step-daughter.)

1. Napoleon Louis
Charles, born
Oct. 19, 1802,—
died Mar. 5, 1807.

2. Charles Louis
Napoleon,
Duke of Bergen,
Crown-Prince
of Holland,
born Oct. 11, 1804,
died 1831.

3. Napoleon III.,
Emperor of France,
died 1873.
(Eugénie, Countess
Montijo, Spain.)

Napoleon IV.,
"Prince Lulu,"
died 1879.

VII.) Pauline Mary Caroline,

Born Ajaccio, Apr. 22, 1780,—died Florence June 9, 1825.

(1. Gen. Leclerc.)

(2. Camillo, Duca di Borghese.)



H. I. M. THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

VIII.) *Carolina Mary Annunziata*,
born Ajaccio, Mar. 26, 1782,—died Florence, May 18, 1839.
(*Joachim Murat*, Imperial Prince of France, King of Naples,
shot by order of the King of France, Vincennes, Oct. 13,
1813.)

1. Achilles, Prince Mu- rat, born Jan. 21, 1801, —died Apr. 15, 1847.	2. Leticia Josephine, Princess Murat (1802- 1859.) (Marchese Pepoli.)	3. Lucien Charles, Prince Mu- rat, born May 6, 1803, —died Apr. 10, 1878. (Georgina Frazer.)	4. Louise Julia Caroline, Princess Murat, 1805-1889. (Count Rasponi.)
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1. Carolina Leticia, Princess Murat. (Mr. Char- rison.)	2. Joseph Joachim, Prince Murat. July 21, 1834.	3. Anna Feb. 3, 1848,— (Anton Count Noailles.)	4. Achilles Napoleon, Prince Murat, Jan. 2, 1847. (Dadiana, Duchess of Mingrelia.)	5. Louis Napoleon, Prince Murat, Dec. 22, 1851.
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EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AND THE EMPEROR-KING FRANCIS JOSEPH

THE widow of Napoleon III. who in her day was so celebrated for her beauty, made a journey to Ischl, Austria, in August, 1906. She wished to see the old Monarch of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Francis Joseph, before her death, in order to thank him for the many kindnesses he had manifested in her behalf.

Countess Clementine Castelnau, a confidante of the Empress, tells us some very interesting and charming details of this visit. Francis Joseph always showed deep respect and warm sympathy for the Empress, and through his chivalrous manners he took every opportunity to display this relation. It was for the many courteous attentions paid her that she went to thank the Monarch, and she did not go with empty hands to the favorite



HIS IMPERIAL AND ROYAL MAJESTY
FRANZ JOSEF I.
Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary

summer residence of Francis Joseph. She offered her great benefactor some very precious furniture once possessed by the French King Louis XIV., several beautiful gobelins, and the gold watch of her late husband, Napoleon III. Francis Joseph did not accept the presents, because he did not wish to deprive the Empress of these relics, undoubtedly so dear to her heart. How tactful the Monarch was in solving this delicate question is proved by the fact that the Empress after the visit turned with these words to Countess Castelnau: "*Je suis hereuse,*" ("I am happy"), a sentiment, she had not expressed for a long time.

Since her glory had passed away Empress Eugénie cherished the memory of but one man, that was Emperor Francis Joseph. She herself related the following in connection with the memorable meeting with him: "His Majesty, the Emperor, possesses the kindest and noblest soul; his kindness is wonderful. It is not surprising then that they call him the 'chivalrous Monarch.' When he bent down to kiss my hand, when he addressed me, and softly called me 'Majesté,' my whole past,

The King of Rome

with all its sad memory deserted my much burdened soul, and for a few minutes I imagined myself the real Empress of France. His impressive carriage, his voice and manners demonstrated that his royal personality rests upon a royal appearance. He, I am sure, retained the lost throne in his heart for me."

From Countess Castelnau we learn how excited the Empress was before the meeting. As her train drew into the Ischl station she hastened to the window and anxiously looked for the Monarch. She sighed sadly as she noticed him.

"Il porte la Légion d'Honneur," ("He wears the cross of the Legion of Honor"). The first impression was very painful because both, Eugénie and her escorts, believed the Emperor was wearing the cross given him by the former President of the French Republic, McMahon, well knowing he received it from this President too.

They did not know the soul of Francis Joseph.

The joy was so much the greater when later they found out that out of special courtesy the Monarch wore the cross on this occasion,


which he had received from Napoleon III.

What memories took possession of Francis Joseph as he stood opposite the ex-Empress then 80 years old?

Francis Joseph at this meeting again gave evidence of his noble manner of thinking, which certain people like to question, but which he gave so many proofs of, that no statements, however much they misrepresent, cannot erase from history.

Supplements III

PRESIDENT MADISON AND NAPOLEON I.

HE mutual high estimation of President James Madison and Emperor Napoleon I., also the sympathy of both nations, the French and American, is shown by the circumstance that the Emperor notified the President of the birth of Princess Josephine Beauharnais, daughter of Eugén Beauharnais, Napoleon's stepson. It may be of much interest to know the answer given by President Madison to the Great Emperor.

“JAMES MADISON, President of the United States of America.

“To our Great and Good Friend His Imperial and Royal Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy and Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine.

“I have just received Your Imperial Majesty's letter of the 29th of March, 1807,

communicating the intelligence that the Princess Eugénie Napoléona, Vice Queen of Italy, was happily delivered on the 14th of that month of a Princess who has received the name of Josephine.

“The friendly interest which the United States take in an event so conducive to the happiness of your Majesty and your Imperial Family requires that I should not delay a tender of their congratulation, with assurance of our esteem and friendship. And I pray God to have you Great and Good Friend in his holy keeping.

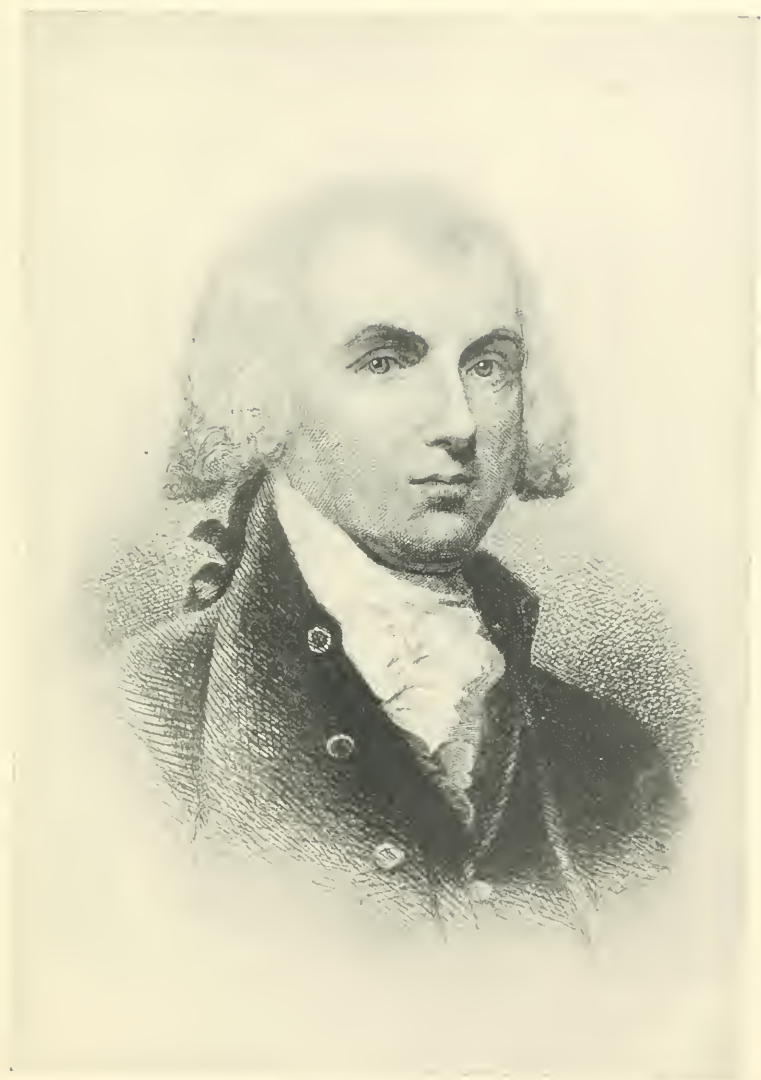
“Written at the City of Washington, the Seventeenth day of March, 1809.

“Your Good Friend,

“Signed: JAMES MADISON.

“By the President,

“N. SMITH, Secretary of State.”



PRESIDENT MADISON

EXPLANATORY REMARKS

DIETRICHSTEIN, Maurice Joseph, Count, born Vienna, August 27, 1775, died February 19, 1864. During the Vienna Congress he was attached to the King of Denmark. After he entered the Austrian military service at the battle at Naples (1798) he together with his commander-in-chief, Gen. Mack, fell into a French war-prison. He was a highly educated man, a "literary gentleman," and intimate friend of the great musician, Beethoven. From 1815 to 1830 he was young Napoleon's tutor; later he was appointed Intendant General of the Vienna Imperial theatre and director of the Habsburgian family library. The family Dietrichstein went out with the General's son, Joseph Maurice, 1852.

"L'AIGLON." Edmonde Rostand, the famous French poet, made his name with his beautiful poem entitled *L'Aiglon*, memor-

able forever. It is a versified drama, one of the most fascinating plays ever placed upon the stage. But no poetical work can be criticized in view of historical truth. Rostand's drama takes undoubtedly the first rank among the many works which show us historically prominent persons on the stage. *L'Aiglon* was one of the most remarkable literary and theatrical successes of recent times, and it is remarkable this drama was played in the United States many times. In 1901 Madame Sarah Bernhardt, the famous French actress, came to America where she played the title rôle and it was a great success. But a greater success was even made by Miss Maude Adams, the Réjane of America, who played it at the same time. As *L'Aiglon* she showed the world she was really worthy to be put in parallel with Madame Réjane. She afterward played this part two hundred and sixteen times, and showed the public how an American actress can interpret a French author which proves really a high art.

METTERNICH, Winneburg, Clemens Lothar, Duke. Austrian Chancellor, born

Koblenz, Bohemia, May 15, 1773, died Vienna, January 11, 1859.

NEIPPERG, Adam Albert, Count. Austrian General, son of William Neipperg, born April 8, 1775, died February 22, 1829. At the historical Vienna Congress he was Marie Louise's "chargé d'affairs," then in 1815, Governor of Parma. In 1821 he married Marie Louise, and their son, William, became the progenitor of the Austrian Montenuovo Ducal family. Marie Louise later, after Neipperg's death, had another relation, this with Count Bombelles, then she had a third one with the Austrian Cavalry officer Baron Werklein. Her daughter by Werklein, Baroness Ida Werklein, was educated at the Pressburgian (Hungary) Ursulines' convent, where she was one time visited by her mother, who came in the incognito of "Countess Almásy," to see her child. Baroness Bibra-Gleicherwiesen (Budapest, Hungary), is the only scholar still living who played many times with the little Baroness Werklein, and who saw Marie Louise during her mentioned Pressburg journey.

PARMA, formerly an independent Dukedom, since 1860 connected with Italy. Pope Julius II., 1813, separated the cities Parma and Piacenza from the Dukedom of Milan; later they were given by Pope Paul III., 1545, as an independent Dukedom to Luigi Farnese, the ancestor of the Farnese Ducal family. Two years later this Dukedom came under the supremacy of Spain, but Pope Julius III., 1550, got it back again for the Farnese family who possessed it until Duke Antonio Farnese's death, in 1731, who was the last of this family. Charles VI., Emperor of Germany, took possession of it later. In 1796 Parma was conquered by France, and 1814 Marie Louise was appointed by her father Duchess of Parma with rights of a Sovereign. 1847, Philipe, Prince of Spain, had the Parma throne, but he was forced by the revolution, 1848, to flee therefrom. The last historical event of this Dukedom, it was conquered by Vittorio Emmanuele, King of Sardinia.

PROKESCH-OSTEN, Anton, Count, born Graz, Austria, December 10, 1795; died

Vienna, October 26, 1876. 1815 he was adjutant of the great Austrian General, Archduke Charles; then he was appointed professor at the Olmutz (Austria) military school, and at last he was adjutant of another celebrated Austrian General, Prince Schwarzenberg. He was acquainted with young Napoleon during this last employment in Vienna. June 22, 1835, he received a command from the Emperor Francis II. to a Court dinner, on which occasion he was set at the left of "Franz," who immediately after dinner, shaking hands with him addressed him as follows: "I have liked you for a long time and I will never forget you fought for my father's honor at a time when everybody caluminated him. I have read your book about the battle of Waterloo thoroughly and with the greatest interest, and have it translated into the French and Italian languages." Count Prokesch, in 1848, was appointed General in the Austrian Army, later Ambassador to Constantinople. He was a famous historiographer.

REICHSTADT (Zákupy), a town in the Leipa precinct of Bohemia, with an Imperial

palace, built 1573, of 300 rooms, which originally belonged to the Bavarian Electorate. This property was given 1805 to Fernando, Duke of Toscana, then, later, in 1819, Emperor Francis II. gave its title, but only the title to his grandchild, Napoleon II.

SCHOENBRUNN (XII precinct "Heitzing," of the Austrian Capital, Vienna, the celebrated Imperial palace, finished 1750 by the famous Italian architect Valmagnini. This palace has 1441 rooms, among them the "blue cabinet" is the most famous: it was Marie Therèse's favorite room in which stood Napoleon I. during his journey to Vienna, 1809, and here died L'Aiglon, Napoleon II. This palace has a pretty theatre and the Court Chapel contains many precious relics and pictures by Guglielmi and Hamilton. A splendid park of about two miles surrounds this palace.

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